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## Selected Poetry.

### GONE TO THE WAR.

BY HENRIETTA ALGER, JR.  
My Charlie has gone to the war,  
My Charlie so brave and tall;  
He left his place in the furrow  
And flew at his country's call.  
May God in safety keep him,  
My precious boy—my all.  
My heart is pining to see him,  
I miss him every day;  
My heart is weary with waiting,  
And sick of the long delay;  
But I know his country needs him,  
And I could not bid him stay.  
I remember how his face flushed  
And how his color came,  
When the flash from the guns of Sumter  
Lit the whole land with flame,  
And darkened our country's banner  
With the crimson hue of shame.  
"Mother," he said, then faltered—  
I felt his mute appeal;  
I paused—if you are a mother,  
You know what mothers feel.  
When called to yield their dear ones  
To the cruel bullet and steel.

My heart stood still for a moment,  
Struck with a mighty woe;  
A faint of death came o'er me—  
I am a mother, you know—  
But I sternly checked my weakness,  
And firmly bade him "Go."  
Wherever the fight is fiercest,  
I know that my boy will be;  
Wherever the need is sorest  
Of the stout arms of the free,  
May he prove as true to his country  
As he has been true to me!

My home is lonely without him,  
My heart bereft of joy—  
The thought of him who has left me  
My constant, and employ;  
But God has been good to the mother,  
She shall not blush for her boy.

## Original Sketch.

### SCHOOL TEACHING.

SHADY SIDE.

"There is no joy without alloy" is a proverb as old as it is true, and as true as it is old. Our grandmothers repeat it to us when we start on our first fishing excursion, and again when we return with torn clothes, tired limbs, wet feet, and sore throats. But we don't believe it. We imagine that Grandmother has forgotten when she was a little girl, and went fishing, and nutting, and built playhouses, and made wonderfully deformed rag dolls, dressed in the last agony of fashion.

To be sure we never went fishing without getting into the water, or nutting without numberless bruises, or built a playhouse that some miniature tornado did not destroy, or made a doll that did not fall in the fire and burn up. But then, we always resolve that the next time we go fishing, we'll not step on the decayed log; and the next time we gather, we'll not climb into the tree for, and the next doll we make shall not go near the fire. Thus the phantom is always just before us, but we will soon overtake it. Yes, Grandmother is mistaken.

But we outgrow these and are initiated into the mysteries of the village school. Here we read the proverb in our books, and our teachers remind us of it, and we begin to wonder if it isn't true. After a few years we abandoned the little white schoolhouse, and enter the college halls. There the president quotes it to us, and the professors lecture it at us, and we half believe it. Then we leave school entirely, and go out into the world, and the world repeats it, experience reiterates it, and we believe it.

"There is no joy without alloy" in the king's palace or the peasant's hut. Every rose conceals a thorn. Every pleasure has an undercurrent of pain. Oh! the bitter sweet; how it pervades our whole lives, from the cradle to the grave! And with no life perhaps, it is more evenly blended, than with that of the common school teacher. It is not all flowers and fruit; cheerful smiles and pleasant words. We can still discover the alloy. School-teaching, although few, in this day, would pronounce it vanity, is certainly vexation of spirit. Take a rainy day's experience for illustration. Half an hour's plodding through the mud and dodging between the raindrops brings him to the scene of his daily toil. The janitor, as is usual on rainy mornings, has neglected to make a fire, and a dozen young "hopefuls" are shivering in wet garments, around a cold stove, in a mood which betokens anything but a pleasant session. There is no wood in the closet, nothing dry for kindlings, and the ax has been taken away. However, these difficulties are overcome, and a dozen pair of little blue hands are soon spreading over the surface of the stove, to improve the first rays of heat to the best advantage. The first and least of trials passed, others are encountered. The children seem to catch the inspiration of the weather, and "clouds" may be discovered in other localities than overhead. Complaints are numerous, and the teacher must act as jury, judge, and ex-courier. Here comes two boys whose angry looks and threatening words indicate trouble. Boy number one complains that boy number two threw him down in the mud. Boy number two positively denies the charge, and affirms that boy number one fell down "himself." Of course the teacher is expected to know at once where the blame lies, and act accordingly. But woe to him if he decides contrary to the opinion of any one else, especially if the dissenting party is the boy's parent. It is an established fact that nobody's own child ever told an untruth, but it is highly probable that every other person's child has done so. This, the teacher is fully aware of, notwithstanding which fact, he is often found correcting somebody's child, and consequently somebody is always aggrieved. But here is more trouble. A boy has lost a boy's ball; a boy has knocked a boy's hat off; a boy has torn a boy's book; a girl has made mouths at a girl, a girl has told a girl that her bonnet is unfashionable. What is to be done? If no one is punished, all order is at an end. If all are punished, some innocent person suffers. If the guilty ones are sought out and punished, and the others escape, the teacher is said to have his favorites, and should not be tolerated. In consequence of the rain, those who have suffered most are allowed to stand near the fire a short time after the call to books, but disturbances are frequent, and they are soon sent to their seats. Immediately four boys and three girls gather up their books and leave the schoolroom. Inquiring into the cause of their sudden exit, the reply is, "Father said if we could not sit by the fire, we need not come any more." Accordingly they are allowed to depart without hindrance or apology; evidently much to their annoyance.

Here is a note on the table, hitherto concealed by the flowers. Ah! there is a ray of sunshine. Thus it is that beauty often conceals deformity, just as a cheerful face causes us to forget a frowning one, or pleasure makes us unmindful of pain. But the note. The address is executed in a cramped, sharp-angled, nervous manner, which indicates displeasure. Mr. A. administers a sharp rebuke to the unfortunate teacher for having chastised his son, a few days since, for fighting and swearing. He does not believe in corporal punishment himself. He never has had occasion to make use of it in his family, and thinks it entirely unnecessary.

This is no sooner disposed of than a loud, quick rap is heard at the door. Mr. B. leads in his trembling boy, whom he has discovered loitering on his way to school. He gives directions for having him severely whipped on this as well as all other occasions of similar conduct. The teacher ventures to hint that as he is cognizant of his fault, he should inflict the punishment. But no, the teacher is hired, and paid to do it and he must attend to it.

The various complaints all receive attention, the lessons are at last recited, the roll called, and the scholars excused from farther duties, but the end is not yet. "Father says if you make me stand on the floor to get my lesson again, he'll make you sorry for it," cries a rebellious little chap, whose dignity has recently been offended. "Very well," is the reply. "Dad wants you to come to our house to-night, he wants to see you 'bout putting me back in the second grammar class," says another.

By this time the teacher's patience is quite exhausted, especially if the original supposition was not large, and he replies, "Tell your father I shall be happy to see him at any time he may choose to call." To escape further persecution he dashes away to his room, hailing with gladness the close of the day which has been, in several respects, remarkably "shady."

## Miscellaneous.

### The Origin of Species.

Of late years men of science and others have wrangled much over Mr. Darwin's work on "The Origin of Species." In most of the English and American reviews his treatise has been severely criticised, as having an infidel tendency; not on account of the facts therein given, but the conclusion of the author. He appears to have been very generally misunderstood, judging from a most interesting letter just issued by D. Appleton & Co., this city, being the publication of six lectures delivered to workingmen, by Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S., Professor of Natural History in the School of Mines, London. Broadly stated, the subject of these lectures consists of an inquiry into the origin of species and a discussion on the causes of the phenomena in organic nature.

The meaning of organic nature is something that grows, has life and reproductive powers. It is exemplified in the seed of a plant in contradistinction to a grain of sand. Organic nature embraces the vegetable and animal kingdom, as entirely distinct in functions from rocks, fluids, and what chemists call "elementary matter." Animals and plants are divided by naturalists into groups, and these into kingdoms, sub-kingdoms, provinces, classes, orders, families, genera and species. It was once generally believed (and many persons entertain such views still) that there was such a thing as spontaneous generation—that is, mere elementary matter, such as pure water or mineral dust, exposed in favorable positions, to light and heat, would bring forth vegetation and animalcula spontaneously. Hence it has been asserted that, if there is such phenomena as the spontaneous generation of life, according to the "development theory" of some naturalists and the views of Mr. Darwin on the origin of species, man may have been developed from the lowest forms of spontaneous generation. If such views were founded on facts in natural history, pantheism, viz: that "God is nature and nature is God," would be supported upon a very firm foundation.

Mr. Darwin does not discuss the question of spontaneous generation at all, and science completely silences pantheism. Every organism commences existence in an egg-cell or seed, and each seed is believed to have been specially created, with special functions and powers of reproduction, as stated in the Scriptures. M. Pasteur, a distinguished French chemist, has lately made a great number of carefully conducted experiments to test the theory of spontaneous generation. The result of his labors seem to be conclusive against the theory; no such property as spontaneous creation belongs to elementary matter acted upon by the forces of nature. An old and bitterly disputed question thus appears now to be settled scientifically.

Another question of much dispute seems to be settled by Mr. Darwin; thus the Caucasian, the Malay, and the Negro, according to his facts, are varieties of species and may all have descended from a single pair, as set forth in the Scriptures. On the other hand, Prof. Agassiz and others believe that they have descended from different original pairs, and thus they would really be different orders. In 1793, a new variety of sheep was produced by Seth Wright of Massachusetts. He had a flock, the members of which were specially gifted with the power of jumping fences, and thus tormenting the proprietor and his neighbors. In one accidental buck lamb, which had by short bowed legs, the acute mind of Seth Wright saw a remedy for his troublesome fence-jumpers; and by careful breeding he at last obtained an entire flock of long-bodied short-legged sheep, called the "otter breed," from this single buck, which could not jump a foot-rail. Various species of dogs and pigeons have been in the same manner. In structure they are different from others of the same genus, but psychologically they are identical. There is a well defined limit to organic varieties in animals. Two entirely different races may mix; but their progeny, as in the case of mules, become sterile. Professor Huxley states that there is no reliable exception to this law.

The rapid powers of production in plants from a single specimen, is set forth by Prof. Huxley as follows:—"Suppose the habitable part of the globe to be 51,000,000 square miles, and the climate and soil equal over that space, it may be entirely covered in nine years from the product of a single plant bearing fifty seeds, each plant requiring one foot of soil for support." It is hardly conceivable that the whole stated available surface of the earth could be stocked in about nine years from a single plant, yet the figures demonstrate such a possibility. —Scientific American.

The Danvers editor, who wrote his editorials with chalk on the sides of his shoes, and went barefoot while the printers set up the copy, has purchased a team of second-hand envelopes, and been, in several respects, remarkably "shady."

M. H. P.

## Miscellaneous.

### Fighting of the Potomac Army.

Capt. Fiske writes from the Libby prison, Richmond, to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican a remarkable letter, from which we make the following extracts. It seems that the vanquished training which McClellan gave the army under his command has only led to its inefficiency. The folly of shooting at the clouds and the tops of the trees instead of the enemy, is a part of the science of the war policy of Young Napoleon. Every soldier should be instructed to take aim at the foe, and shoot to kill. That's the way to fight.

Fiske says the rebels were jubilant over their victory, which was won by them with inferior numbers, because they fought better than our troops. They had 100,000, to our 130,000. He says Hooker's plans were well conceived, that the officers did their duty, as the loss among them attests; but that the men turned their backs upon the enemy. He says the rebel equipments were inferior; their artillery horses were skeletons; their ammunition wagons all shapes of crippled up vehicles, yet they beat us.

He says there was not any very severe fighting, as the people may have been led to suppose by the newspaper reports—that there was much noise, plenty of smoke and thunder, but no hard fighting, and that our heavy loss of 15,000 is no evidence of a fearful fight. The 11th and 12th corps ran—the former almost without firing a gun—like a flock of sheep, destroying the line of battle and almost the army.

He says: "I know of whole regiments and brigades, long and heavy lines of battle, that gave way before lines of the enemy so thin and straggling as hardly to be considered more than skirmishers. I saw regiments after regiments, and brigades after brigades of these corps I have mentioned come pouring back through our reserves till they covered acres and acres of ground, enough to have made a stand against all the rebels in Virginia, and only breaking our lines and telling such cock and bull stories of being cut to pieces in front and surrounded and attacked in the rear as carried evidence of their absurdity on the very face of them, till I could have cried for shame and grief to be obliged to acknowledge myself as belonging to the same army."

Still in spite of all I have said, it is by no means the truth that our men are a parcel of cowards and poltroons. They are as brave as the average of people—quite as brave as our enemies are. But we don't fight in such a common-sense way as they do. Shall I tell you how one of our lines of battle engaged? They got in fine style, steadily, in a good line, and without any flinching, halt at what is held to be a desirable point, and at the command commenced firing, standing, kneeling, or lying down, as may be ordered. Then, as in all their previous training, they have been taught to load and fire as rapidly as possible, three or four times a minute, they go into the business with all fury, every man vying with his neighbor as to the number of cartridges he can ram into his piece and spit out of it. The smoke arises in a minute or two so you can see nothing where to aim. The noise is deafening and confusing to the last degree. The impression goes around of a tremendous conflict going on. The trees in the vicinity suffer sorely and the clouds a good deal. By and by the guns get heated and won't go off, and the cartridges begin to give out. The men have become tired with their furious exertions and the excitement and din of their own firing, and without knowing anything about the effect produced upon the enemy, very likely having scarcely one glimpse of the enemy at all, begin to think they have fought about enough and it is nearly time to retire. Meantime the enemy, lying quietly a hundred or two yards in front, crouching on the ground or behind trees, answer our fire very surely, as they get a chance for a good aim, about one shot to our three hundred, hitting about as many as we do and waiting for the wild tornado of ammunition to pass over their heads, and when our burst of fighting is pretty much over, they have only commenced. They probably rise and advance upon us with one of their unearthly yells, as they see our fire slacken.

Our boys finding that the enemy has survived such an avalanche of fire as we have rolled in upon him, conclude he must be invincible, and being pretty much out of ammunition, retire. Now, if I had charge of a regiment or brigade, I'd put every man in the guard house who could be proved to have fired more than twenty rounds in any one battle; I wouldn't let them carry more than their cartridge box full (40 rounds) and have them understand that that was meant to last them pretty much through a campaign, and in every

possible way would endeavor to banish the Chinese style of fighting with a big noise and smoke, and imitate rather the backwoods style of our opponents.

### A Copperhead Smashed.

While the branch train on the Hollidaysburg railroad was conveying a load of passengers to court in that place, according to the Hollidaysburg Whig, a rich incident occurred. In the front part of the car several rebel sympathizers were busily engaged in discussing our national affairs, abusing in unmeasured terms the effects of the Government to put down the rebellion, and in such loud tones as to be heard all through the car. A gentleman who had been listening to the conversation, went forward and read to the parties a paragraph from a morning paper, as follows:

"You are promised liberty by the leaders of your affairs, but is there an individual in the enjoyment of it, saving your oppressors? Who among you dare speak or write what he thinks against the tyranny which has robbed you of your property, imprisoned your sons, drags you to the field of battle, and is daily deluging your country with your blood?"

### Fighting of the Potomac Army.

"Them's my sentiments exactly," exclaimed one of the sympathizers. "Sir," said the gentleman, "That is the language of Benedict Arnold in his proclamation to the citizens and soldiers of the United States, appealing to them to turn against George Washington!" Thus ended the conversation.

### A Sudden Take Down.

The Royal family of Britain in 1761 ran loose about the world, and people knew not how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. One summer, when the Duke of York was at Southampton, there was a clergyman in the neighborhood with two very handsome daughters. The Duke saw them, and making some excuse or another, called on the clergyman, again and again, and grew familiar enough, finally, to stop for dinner. At last he said to the father:

"Your daughters lead a confined life here, always at home. Why can't you let one of them take an airing with me now and then, in my chaise?"

"Ah, sir," said the parson, "do but look at them—a couple of hale, fresh-colored, healthy girls! They need no airing, they are well enough. But there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way for many years. If your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing a great kindness indeed."

ALWAYS TAKE GOOD ADVICE.—Counsel is always granted to criminals for their defense. A robber, being surprised in picking a pocket in the Grand Chamber of Justice, it was resolved to proceed against him in a summary way, for so daring an offense. An advocate was however allotted to the prisoner for counsel; who, taking him aside, said, "Is it true that you picked this pocket?"

"It is true, sir," said the culprit; "but indeed—"

"Hush!" said the counsel, "the very best counsel I can give you is to run away as fast as you can."

The robber profited by the advice, and ran off by the back stair. The counsel returned to the bar, and was asked by the first president what he had to say in behalf of his party. "Gentlemen," answered the advocate, "the wretch confessed to me his crime, and, as he was not guarded, and I was named to give him my best advice, I have advised him to run away. He has followed my advice."

Much laughter arose; for nothing could be said against the advocate. It belonged to the Court to give orders; and to the officers to take care that the prisoner should not escape.

SOLEMN LOGIC.—A very celebrated Scotch divine said: "The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficient must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was and is supreme, we know by the name of God."

### One human being dies for every second of time.

One human being dies for every second of time. What a solemn and impressive thought! The golden moments idled, sinned, or blasphemed away by the thoughtless, the erring and the profane, are richly freighted with immortal souls borne to the portals of eternity. For every oath which falls from the lips of the swearer, a fellow mortal passes through the vale which separates the visible from the invisible world! And so of every jest—every idle word—every sinful thought! And yet the careless mirth, the bitter words, the fearful oaths that vibrate every precious shred of time, and go before the dying into the ear of God! Alas! who can say, "I am guiltless before Him?"

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

If you would be tolerated, be tolerant.

A woman in Rutland stole a pair of pants on Thursday of last week in a rather novel manner. She entered a store and informed a clerk that she had lost one of her garters—elastic, and requested him to give her a string to substitute in its place, as her stocking gave her much trouble. The obliging clerk complied, and she went behind the counter for the avowed purpose of fastening it in its proper place. The string, it appears, was really used to tie the pants which she contrived there to lay hands on, inside her hoop skirt.

An excellent substitute for tea (said to be grown in large quantities in Toga co., Pa.) is said to resemble Chinese tea so much that merchants buy it to mix with the genuine. In Clinton co., Pa., the genuine article is claimed to grow in abundance and the citizens thereabout are jubilant on the prospect of becoming independent of the "pig-tails."

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rheumatics are very distressin' indader; when I go to sleep I lay awake all the night, and my toes is swelled as big as a goose hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

THE TRADE IN CRIMINALS.—It would hardly be believed how important an industry has sprung from the fashion of wearing crinolines, if there were not statistical documents to prove the fact. The steel springs for petticoats amount to 4,000,000 pounds weight for France alone, 2,400,000 pounds for England, and 1,200,000 for the rest of the world. These springs, covered with cotton, are sold at the rate of twenty-five cents per pound, which gives an average of 10,000,000 francs annually. The cotton employed in covering them is sold at about thirty francs the 200 pounds, which makes the sum 1,200,000 francs.

CONSUMPTION.—Half a pint of new milk mixed with a wine glass full of expressed juice of green horseradish, taken every morning, is said to be an effective remedy for consumption if resorted to in time. One who tried it says: "Four weeks' use of the horseradish and milk relieved the pains of my breast, enabled me to breathe deep, long and free, strengthened and harmonized my voice, and restored me to a better state of health than I had been in for years. Our own experience enables us to state that horseradish is an excellent specific for a cough or cold."

SOLITUDE AND TEMPTATION.—Luther says solitude is favorable to temptation; therefore when the enemy would so harass you as nearly to exhaust your spiritual life, as soon as possible leave all and hurry to see some poor, afflicted man, not saying a word about your own trouble, but entering fully into theirs, and you will thus drop your burden.

"What can I give you for a keepsake, my dearest John?" sobbed out a sentimental girl to her scapegrace lover about to join his ship. "Give, my angel?" cried Jack, in some confusion, "hem—why—why, you've not got such a thing as a five dollar note, I suppose, about you?"

"My son," said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand upon the head of a youngurchin, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," the urchin replied.

A Federal cavalry man writes home from Virginia: "The roads are impassable; we cannot move for mire; but if the 'rebs' attack us, we are prepared to welcome them with muddy hands to horse-pistol graves."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice; "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware till now that you could so readily discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

An Irishman who appeared at a recruiting station for enlistment, was asked by a cockney Sergeant, in joke, if he could sleep on the "pint" of a bayonet? Paddy, at once perceiving the mispronunciation, promptly replied by saying: "Pon me sowl, Sergeant, I'll sleep; and I think I can, as I've often thryt on a pint av whiskey!"

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman, with "a shocking bad one." "No, why?" inquired the gentleman. "Because, I think it's a long time since it had a nap!" was the answer.

It is said that the average number of battles a soldier goes through is five. We know an old maid who has withstood fourteen engagements, and has powder enough left for as many more. If you would hear the truth, tell it. If you wouldn't be troubled, don't be troublesome.

## Farm and Household.

### Fruit Growing.

One of the greatest evils of an orchard is overbearing. This sounds paradoxical. But it is true. Innumerable are the trees that have been killed by a too generous crop. The limbs are bent, and the circulation interfered with; the tree is exhausted and dies from the strain. How many beautiful plum trees have thus gone the way we desired them not to. Especially is the plum liable to this misadventure. It is on this account that some trees bear fruit every other year. An over crop one year, prevents a crop the next.

It should be a delight to keep the branches of your trees trim, and so thinned out that the sun reaches every apple. In such a case, good pruning, there is but little difference in the size and condition of your fruit. If one is good, they all are good; if one is large, they all are large; if one keeps, they all keep.

But—it is not enough to prune the branches; you must lessen the blossoms. Too many blossoms are generally a failure; they defeat themselves. Trim them, and nature will thank you in an increase of your fruit.

Keep your trees. Do not let them keep themselves, for they will run riot, and run themselves out. Such are to be found abundantly in the older States—wretched, miserable cumberers of the ground, the result of gross neglect. "But you carry this matter like many other things, too far," says one, who is pretty sure to have such a crow-ned orchard, or one forming. But, Mr. Fault-finder, do you not know that the finest and largest apples are always found on the outward limbs, those extending farthest in the air? And do you not know that the little, wrinkled, bitter fruit is always found—always, in the inside or shade of a tree? You believe what you see. And this fact you can't deny.

Further, young trees always have fair fruit. It is because there are few branches, and these are healthy and open to the sun. You cannot deny that the sun gives color and flavor to fruit—neither can you deny that it gives size. All this is evident, if you ever have a thought on the subject. There is too much sneering at fruit knowledge. Make a pet of a tree, as you would of a sheep or a horse, and see if there will not be an improvement. —Valley Farmer.

### How to Outwit the Moth.

The following, which we find in the N. E. Farmer, has more real virtue in it than any of the so-called scare-aways of the moth:

Most of our insects are very hardy, caring little for wind or weather, and will never "die of aromatic pain." We once packed some small skins in the centre of a cask of tobacco leaves and stems, but the miller went there, deposited her eggs, and the furs were ruined. This shows that they are not at all delicate, and are not afraid of tobacco. Expensive cedar closets are frequently constructed, with the idea that the rather pleasant odor of the cedar is sufficiently disagreeable to the moth to keep her away from articles of clothing deposited there. This is a mistake. The strongest instinct prompts the miller to seek the means of perpetuating its kind, and no trifling impediment will prevent it. But the preservation of furs, or articles or clothing is perfectly simple, cheap and easy. Shake them well, and tie them up in a cotton or linen bag, so that the miller cannot possibly enter, and the articles will not be fully injured, though the bag is hung in a wood-house or garret. This is cheaper than to build cedar closets, and better than to fill the bed clothes and garments with the sickening odor of camphor, tobacco, or any other drug.

### Clean Out Your Cellars.

Whole households are sometimes made sick by the effluvia of a foul cellar. Every spring and summer not a few suffer from this cause. If there is no outside door to the cellar, decaying matter in it, is almost sure to breed sickness in the house.

Early in the spring, you should sort out your potatoes, turnips, and whatever you keep for a time, and carefully clean up and carry away all animal and vegetable matters, that are likely to decay. After this is done, it would be well to sprinkle all over the cellar, quick lime. Scatter chloride of lime about the rat holes, if those pests trouble you. A half a dime will buy enough at the druggist's for this purpose. It will be good for the cellar if there are no rats. If families would take pains to remove all such causes of sickness from the premises, and obey all the laws of health, there would be but little sickness compared with what there is now.

It is said that fine dust of tea bound close to a wound will stop its bleeding. After the blood has ceased to flow, put on laudanum.

Asparagus is recommended for affections of the chest and lungs.